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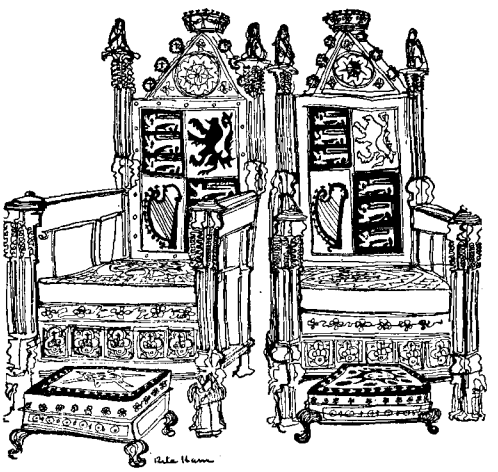

Christianity in England

by Neville Braybrooke

The Return of A. Pruett Ripperger

by John Lukacs

Volume LX, No. 8 May 28, 1954 Twenty Cents

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EDWARD S. SKILLIN: *Editor*
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JAMES O'GARA: *Managing Editor*

Associate Editors:
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Contributing Editors:
PHILIP BURNHAM
JOHN C. CORT
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PHILIP T. HARTUNG
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JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

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THE

Commonweal

week by week

PEOPLE AND PEACE

WILL one million men starve to death in 1984? Or two million? Or none? It would be hard to find questions more basic to the future of mankind than those bearing on the relationship of food and population. Yet all too often long-range questions are lost sight of in the heat of passing controversy. Recently UN experts released a report on world population trends. In it are implications which dwarf most of the day-to-day issues which divide us.

At the present time, according to this report, there are roughly two and one half billion people in the world. This figure, by virtue of an excess of births over deaths, is increasing by about thirty million each year. The population of the world is now estimated to be twelve times what it was in the time of Christ and five times what it was three hundred years ago. Since 1800, world population has increased by one and one half billion, according to informed estimates.

That this predicted rise in world population poses a real problem is something that has to be faced. But it should be faced precisely as a problem to be solved—not as something that has us whipped before we start. Social scientists are agreed that the world can feed a much larger population than it now holds, if natural resources are used wisely and if we continue to devise substitutes for items which become scarce.

People can be fed if we use our capabilities. But our approach to the problem has to be a bold and creative one. Migration from countries like Italy, for example, can ease the pressure to some extent, but migration alone is no answer to population problems. And even the most determined advocates of artificial birth prevention can hardly expect their formula to solve this problem. The subsistence squeeze is likely to be felt primarily in underdeveloped countries where population is growing fastest. Right now Latin America is growing more rapidly than any other major region. Birth control propaganda is unlikely to make much headway in such areas.

Instead of looking for ways of avoiding the problem, we have to meet it head-on. Food production in the underdeveloped areas must be drastically improved and industries developed to absorb those released from subsistence-toil on the land. Although countries like the United States must be ready to help out in emergencies, the basic problem is not one of dividing the wealth but of increasing it.

THE task, then, is one of increasing production, of food and other necessities. Will it be done? On that score, the UN report is pessimistic. Because of "ignorance, greed, strife, superstition and blind tradition," the report noted, the increases in production actually achieved will probably be "much smaller than those which are technically possible." In that event it takes no great feat of calculation to foresee the end result. "It is, therefore, easily possible that the means of producing the necessities of life will not be increased as rapidly as population grows, and that the level of living of the world's peoples will be depressed as their numbers increase," the UN report said.

The United States is today one of the "have" nations. But it should nevertheless be emphasized that the problem of population and food vitally affects the U.S. Aside from all other considerations, this nation has a vital stake in building a peaceful world. But the world can not live in peace half-fed and half-unfed. And in this case, of course, the biggest part of the world's population is in the "have-not" areas. Even if one considers the problem only in terms of the current Western-Soviet division of the world, it is to the advantage of the United States to do everything in its power to ease the pressure of world population on the food supply. For if it is hard to preach religion to a man with an empty stomach, it is equally difficult to talk freedom to a man without food for himself and his family.

The things that need to be done in the immediate future are not dramatic. Restrictions on interna-

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tional trade and migration must be substantially lessened. The trend toward economic, if not political, unity among nations should be promoted with vigor and imagination. The intensification of international cooperation is urgently required, particularly in the provision of capital to countries where it is badly needed for economic development. It would be hard to create headlines out of such a program, but these steps are essential. The means of attacking the problems of food and population and of building for peace in the world are at hand. What is necessary now is the will to devote ourselves to the task.

CURIOUS MEDICAL ETHICS

DOCTORS' bills and other medical expenses often comprise a crippling item in the budget of the American wage-earner. The phenomenal growth of Blue Cross and more comprehensive surgical-medical plans supplies convincing testimony to this effect. It has long seemed to us that certain spokesmen for the American Medical Association have failed to take this situation into account. AMA's original opposition to cooperative methods of providing for medical care for families in the lower income groups changed to a certain grudging support only when these voluntary plans seemed to offer these doctors a more palatable alternative to "socialized medicine."

Now the House of Delegates of the New York State Medical Society has voted against voluntary health plans in such a way as to threaten national repercussions. One vote was to censor a doctor member of the Society for "unethical practice" for his activities in advertising for subscribers for a local cooperative health plan. The other vote was for a resolution which attacked such plans in a more general way. For one thing it ruled out the employment of physicians on a salary basis unless their patients were public charges. Other points dealt with advertising for subscribers, as the New York State cooperative had done; the pro-rating of fees among participating physicians and surgeons; requirements that a patient must choose his doctor from a panel or group of physicians.

Officials of the extensive and eminently successful Health Insurance Plan of Greater New York feel that the very existence of their organization is imperiled by these actions on the part of the Society. Moreover the same resolutions are to be proposed at the national meeting of the American Medical Association in San Francisco next month.

Can it be that since the possibility of national legislation is removed for the moment, these New York State doctors and certain elements in AMA, who have resisted change as long as possible, are now reverting to their original position on voluntary health insurance plans? If so, it is time that the public spoke up for an instrument which has been proving increasingly successful in extending to American families the possibility of adequate medical care.

NEXT WEEK

ROBERT BARRAT writes about Abbé Pierre and his movement in behalf of the homeless of Paris.

"An extraordinary reversal of public opinion touched by the appeals of a simple abbé who yesterday was virtually unknown has made him today for all France the symbol of charity in action. A letter written to a Minister and an appeal over the radio were enough to make Abbé Pierre a new sort of Vincent de Paul. People crowded to hear him talk, men wept, women gave away their jewels, their furs, checks of from one hundred thousand to half a million francs. For years there had not been in France such a demonstration of popular feeling. And it was all simply because a man stood up and said: 'This cannot continue. This is the way young French families are living a few kilometers from the heart of the capital.' People listened to this man because he was not satisfied to observe and describe the appalling misery of those who had to sleep in the open or were wretchedly housed but went to live amongst them and share their lot."

TWO PARTIES, ONE NATION

MR. Truman stated the obvious when he pointed out that denouncing the Democratic administration as "twenty years of treason" is a shaky basis for bipartisanship. Senator Knowland took the broad hint and a few days later came right out and said boldly that the Republicans have no monopoly on patriotism. Then at his regular press conference, President Eisenhower reaffirmed a previous statement that both parties are made up of loyal Americans. So it is just possible now that the "treason" approach to political controversy has been cut off. We may eventually get back to responsible debate and the kind of inter-party cooperation that ultimately makes government possible.

Bipartisanship is supposed to mean that both

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parties have something to say about foreign policy, though the party in power, of course, bears major responsibility. It is not merely a matter of one party's "consulting" the other—that could be only an empty gesture; rather it is a question of the majority's entrusting the minority with a measure of responsibility and of the minority party's cheerfully accepting its share. In this day, when foreign-policy considerations override everything else, bipartisanship is more than a luxury. As a matter of national interest, it is an absolute necessity. As a partisan political investment, it depends. . . . If things go well, the minority wants its share of the credit which the majority would like to keep its exclusive property. If things go badly, the party in power is only too happy to share responsibility and the minority party tends to speak somewhat less enthusiastically about bipartisan responsibility. In the light of the Indochina crisis, for example, the Republicans have been more receptive to the idea of bipartisanship than they were at the time of the President's inauguration, and the Democrats seem delighted to be free of making ultimate decisions.

Since the Eisenhower Administration took over, there has actually been a goodly measure of bipartisanship, in the sense that the Democrats have done more than their share in support of the President's forgotten program. But no Democrats were appointed to top executive positions and it seemed that the Republicans were intent on running a one-party show. Now, with two all-Republican teams squabbling in the McCarthy-Army hearings, that decision has not turned out to be the happiest one that might have been taken. Republican spokesmen, hoping to drag the Democrats into the current mess in Washington, seem to be reduced to emphasizing that Roy Cohen was a member of the Young Democrats when he joined Senator McCarthy.

Without bipartisanship, the Eisenhower Administration is clearly doomed to failure. Yet unless there is a general repudiation of the twenty-years-of-treason approach in Washington, bipartisanship will be politically impossible. There are signs that some of those who indulged in political mayhem during the last campaign are ready now to admit, privately if not publicly, that they were captured by a short-sided wisdom. As responsible administrators, they now stand in need of the "traitors' " support—and they also find that they too must now venture into gambles that might later be ascribed to "treason" should things go badly. It is to be hoped that both parties will abandon America's recent adventure in argument-by-smear and return to the kind of responsible debate that makes bipartisanship possible—and effective government as well—no matter which of the two great parties happens to be in office. Both parties must share responsibility for defeats as well as for victories if bipartisanship is to be a reality.

THE NEED FOR CLASSROOMS

ANOTHER American school year is coming to a close. In many communities it has been a year marked by serious handicaps, for the nation's school population is a million higher than it was a year ago. Shortages of teachers, especially in the elementary grades, and lack of classroom facilities have meant bad overcrowding, use of buildings that are dilapidated firetraps, and resort to two sessions, providing only a half-day's schooling for each public school pupil.

There can be no mistaking the dimensions of the present situation or the prospect for the years immediately ahead. To look the other way and ignore our school difficulties is hardly a responsible reaction. All that remains open to discussion is the exact nature of the measures to be taken in what amounts to a national emergency.

Officials of the National Education Association estimate the cost of the new classrooms required by the present public school population to be ten billion dollars. The NEA's request for funds from Congress has not fallen on deaf ears there. The Administration itself, however, is thus far resisting the idea of large appropriations. It is taking the position that this is primarily a state and local problem. It wants state plans for school construction to be drawn up at a series of state conventions before the federal government is committed to any outlay. Economy is still an important watchword in Washington.

The question of the ability of the poorer states (and localities) to finance any sizable expansion of their public school facilities immediately arises. And how can such states on the basis of the encouragement now coming from Washington draw up adequate expansion plans? Moreover, waiting to see what the individual states do is a sure way of postponing any serious tackling of the problem, which has been put off far too long already.

What the federal authorities do now with respect to the public elementary schools will be an important forerunner of the incumbent government's plans for the nation's high schools a few years hence, when the offspring of wartime and immediately postwar marriages will be moving into secondary schools. From every angle the present "Wait-and-Confer" policy falls short of a national sense of responsibility.

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THE POLITICAL SOLDIER

THERE is an issue underlying the McCarthy-Army hearings which has not been widely discussed; we had a glimpse of it in the furor over the unidentified officer who assigned to himself responsibility for passing classified material to Senator McCarthy, but even there this aspect of the issue was obscured; suggested, but not named.

The issue is whether we are to continue to have a non-political military service, as has been the tradition of this nation. No cold, clear solution to the problem is possible, for damage has already been done to the non-political tradition which only time can mend.

It seems that the involvement of the military service in politics has taken place at several levels. The first is at the highest policy level. During the war a major part of our national and international policy-making fell into the hands of military officers. It is said that in the last months of Mr. Roosevelt's illness, General Marshall was largely in charge of our international policies. Then, after the war, military men assumed jobs which in the past had belonged to civilians. General Marshall became Secretary of State. General Bedell Smith went from head of the Central Intelligence Agency—a paramilitary organization—to the position of Undersecretary of State. And, of course, Mr. Eisenhower went from NATO to the Presidency.

These events were not, in themselves, either bad or dangerous—the men were selected for their personal qualities and their special experience. But there did result an identification of military leaders with certain policies which became politically controversial, and the Army was involved in that it was the training school and the "home" of these officers. However, this situation could not have been avoided without depriving the country of the full services of men of wisdom and of great skill.

The more serious problem arose during the Korean war when General Bradley and the Joint Chiefs of Staff were called upon to support the Democratic Administration in a domestic political struggle, while on the other side, supporting the Republicans, was General MacArthur. General MacArthur chose to challenge Administration Far Eastern policies through a political appeal to right-wing groups in this country. The Administration relieved him, as was correct, but defended its own policies by trotting out the Joint Chiefs—supposedly the people who execute, not make, the broad policies laid down by an Executive. Logically enough, the Republicans then replaced the "Democratic" Joint Chiefs when the GOP assumed office in 1952. Here there had been a serious involvement of military officers in political affairs, not by a single act, but by a gradual identification of military man with political party: understandable, indeed almost inevitable in the dark years which followed the war, but nevertheless regrettable.

Now, in Senator McCarthy's attack on the Army, the 'politicizing' of the Army has taken a grave step forward. Added to McCarthy's questioning of the reliability of the Army's internal security and his allegations about the loyalty of certain Army leaders, both in and out of uniform, have been some significant minor actions. The Senator claims that Major General K. B. Lawton, commander of Fort Monmouth, supported McCarthy's controversial tactics in investigating the Monmouth Signal Corps Laboratories and as a result was denied a promotion to permanent Major General. On the other hand, McCarthy attacked Brigadier General Ralph W. Zwicker on the key issue of Zwicker's obligation to execute his orders. He produced the FBI's "letter" which had been unlawfully copied from classified Army files, defending as patriotic the action of the officer who copied it and passed it to him.

The logical conclusion of this is quite clear: If Senator McCarthy should be vindicated by these hearings or if the Administration should make another "deal" with him, then Army officers will be on notice that they must cooperate with him or else; officers will be on notice that their careers may depend on their relations with powerful members of Congress; junior officers will know that they may violate orders or break the chain of command provided that they do so under the patronage of powerful legislators.

If McCarthy is not vindicated by the hearings, and the Administration continues the policy which was so vigorously set forth by the President and Attorney General in the matter of the purloined letter, and by the whole Administration in its announced plan to fight it out on the hearing front if it takes until Christmas (a plan that in the current recess is in some question), then the deterioration of military discipline under the impact of politics will be arrested, but not repaired.

To repair it will take many things. The effort touches many problems from that of restoring the prestige of the troop-commanding non-com to the part Admiral Radford plays in the National Security Council. But the integrity of the military forces as professional services—instruments of the constituted officers of the government, expressing no political opinion other than the opinion that democracy is right and good and worth defending—must be preserved, for the maintaining of that integrity will inevitably be a pivot in the history of our experiment in democratic government.

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Christianity in England

THERE IS A GREAT DANGER OF BELIEVING THAT ALL ENGLAND, LET ALONE LONDON, IS AS PROGRESSIVE, ATHEIST AND PAGAN AS THE ENGLISH PRESS WOULD SOMETIMES SUGGEST

NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

AS the liturgical cycle of the Church renews itself, Good Friday and Easter pass in much the same way as they have since the time of Calvary and the finding of the stone rolled back. Seed-time is so perennial that it unites centuries, making little difference between 1620 and 1720, or dates such as 1870 or 1954. The methods of sowing alter as little as those of harvesting: two thousand years bring small change to the shape of cross or scythe.

The apparent relationship between religious and agricultural rites might therefore suggest that the Church is as immutable in her outward life as she is in her doctrines. This is not so. *The Church is the people;* her bishops are their representatives and in a healthy society the two must work and pray in union. Yet between the people and the bishops stand the priests; beneath the soutane and habit (which have remained the same through the ages) there are men who differ from each other, who grow and develop all the time. A modern sermon preached on the Passion in Westminster Cathedral will be less flowery than it was thirty years ago; histrionics do not win converts today. Nor will a sermon preached today be effective if it is delivered in the style of Newman, Faber or Manning. This is something that English Catholics have had to learn by the hard way of experience; this is why—perhaps more than elsewhere—the lay apostolate is left with a particularly vital role in the conversion of England.

Good Friday this year in London was as I had met it before in Shrewsbury during the war as a soldier and in Yorkshire as a schoolboy. The morning came into its stride to the accompaniment of somebody practicing the scales; the notes tinkled over the small Hampstead back gardens, but became lost and separated from each other; they struggled for a uniformity, a belief, and it was with a certain irony that I realized that their intended tune was "I Believe"—a current song hit. Eventually, however, their notes become drowned amid the more sonorous, full-throated singing of the Bach Saint Matthew Passion. Several radios were tuned in to the same program, linking the street.

Mr. Braybrooke, an English critic and journalist, contributes frequently to Catholic journals on both sides of the Atlantic.

In the cul de sac in which I live a man was polishing his car; its fenders gleamed in the sun; it would fly the corners all the faster when in the afternoon he took the road for the coast. From the heath there floated down the hill and between the rows of houses the sounds of the merry-go-round being assembled; the fair would begin at three o'clock. Some children came to the door. The nurse who has the rooms above let them in. I heard them ask if she would take them to the fair. "Not today," she answered. "Not Jesu's day—any other holiday. 'Oliday Monday but not today." She was quite vehement. I remembered that in her room was a pre-Raphaelite print of the Good Shepherd. I have heard her speaking to other tenants, "We get good voices when we go up there," and as she speaks so her own voice rises and you sense an inflexion of the wrists heavenwards. She is forty-three; devout Church of England; and on Good Friday she did not sing. Before the clock tower had struck five she had been up, scrubbing the floor.

Yet now that all this is past, it is the voices of those children that beat with my typewriter; imprisoned like birds by the keys, they twitter their questioning Lenten litany. "But why can't we go?" *Because Jesus died.* "But why did he die? Why won't he let us go?" *Because Jesus died to save you.* "But he died a long time ago when he was King of London and now we have a Queen. . . ." The story of explanation begins. One hundred and ten years ago it was the same story. In the *Conditions of the Working Classes in 1844* Frederick Engels noted how some children thought that Christ was Adam and others that Christ was "a king in London long ago." This social study was published a year later—the year of Newman's conversion. Has there been no advance? Has universal suffrage and elementary education proved a farce? In a century's turning what has been the gain and loss? These are not begged questions; they are perennial—as relevant in 1954 as they were in 1944 or 1844.

LONDON is probably the most sophisticated capital in Europe; it is the center of all important English

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publishing, and because the press that is read abroad is so widely written by men living in London who see their capital as the largest in the world there is a great danger of believing that all England, let alone London, is as progressive, atheist and pagan as the English press would sometimes suggest. Half an hour's bus ride from Fleet Street to Whitechapel or Hampstead will soon dispel the notion. The Public Libraries, for instance, are hesitant to stock work by avowed atheists, and the BBC allows few talks on the networks that are openly anti-Christian. Toleration for them means at the most a debate such as that held several years ago on "the existence of God" between Bertrand Russell and Father F. C. Coplestone, the Jesuit. Accordingly when one speaks of freedom of religious opinion in England one must always be sure of one's terms: there is, for example, no freedom granted publicly to worship the Devil. Black Masses, as in medieval jurisdiction, are still against the law. Again atheists do not easily come by headmasterships. For around London the population is homogeneously Christian. This does not mean that people necessarily go to Church—except for weddings and funerals—but it does mean that nearly all their children are sent regularly to some form of Sunday school. There they sing the rousing hymns of Isaac Watts and Charles Wesley and as long as this tradition continues poets will remain the legislators of England; for the best hymns are stirring poems and none but a bigot can deny that these hymns are anything other—especially when young voices a thousand strong proclaim them. I put the mental date of these children and their parents at about that of 1870—the date when compulsory education was first introduced.

AWAY from London in the smaller towns such as Shrewsbury or Coventry or along the Pennines the mental age is nearer 1720—the year when the witch-cult finally died. As they walk along the streets shadowed by massive redbrick smoking towers, factory girls going to their looms and typists to their jobs may read the news printed in London the night before, but on passing a clergyman they will still often touch iron for luck—as their ancestors did when meeting a Druid. Atom or hydrogen bomb, headless horseman and mermaids continue to remain a part of their living liturgy. In Lancashire, the last stronghold of the Faith after Elizabethan times, it is considered unlucky for a girl to wear green; if she defies the convention, she may be shouted at.

Yet farther away in the more rural districts the mental climate is nearer 1620. I remember meeting a Colonel and his wife who were running a small guest house. One night they were awakened by a neighbor asking for beetroot. The Colonel replied that he had none left in his garden, but that he had some tinned—would that do? The other answered, "We have just heard by telephone that our daughter's labor pains have come on. We know that if we eat this she will be all right." Notice the 1952 incongruities—the telephone and the canned vegetable allied with the superstitious belief in the properties of beetroot for a safe delivery. England is full of such incongruities, and it is only by making a survey of the country as a whole that one realizes quite how few the moderns are, quite how remote progressive thought is from everyday reality. The conclusion of both Spengler and Jung (so different in their approach!) aptly returns: *the number of people in touch with contemporary civilization is always minute.*

Universal suffrage and elementary education, one would suppose, might have brought up a generation of children who would know the difference between Christ and Adam and their present Queen. Yet it would be a mistake to see this common knowledge as due to any lack of attendance at the Sunday schools; rather it forms part of a more general problem—resistance to Christianity because of the manner in which it is presented. For the way in which religion is taught in the Church of England has become dusty like the chapels in which it is taught. The trouble at one remove is that, although you can see that children answer a roll call, this does not ensure that they will listen. Nor does it mean that the children are not bright nor eager for knowledge because they will be able to tell you quickly enough about Dick Turpin, Don Quixote or an American movie star because in a sense it would be true to say that their sovereign, their Christ, is Dick Turpin, Don Quixote or a movie star. (The commissioners who followed Engels in his survey testified that children knew more about Dick Turpin than Adam.)

The real trouble today—at two removes as it were—is that with the pre-Raphaelite movement there came a sentimentalization into English portraiture; the figure of Christ appeared no longer manly, but effeminate; and this pre-Raphaelitism has affected the whole of religious teaching, especially that of the Church of England (Millais, Holman Hunt and Burne-Jones were all Protestants). Remember too that it is against this pre-Raphaelite background that modern Catholicism has come into being.

In 1829 the Penal Laws were repealed. Yet the restrictive life under these laws bequeathed to Catholics a siege mentality. At the Council of Trent the bishops had decided that rigid definition and the concentration of the Church's forces were the only course to be

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adopted if vital principles were to be effectively defended. The Church became deliberately militant. Organized zeal and skilful debate were at a premium and the intellectual element was inevitably sacrificed for the more controversial and devotional. Intense and united *esprit de corps,* preparation for possible martyrdom and above all absolute military obedience were imperatives if attack and persecution were to be resisted. For siege intensifies defense; the walls must be manned that the city shall be preserved—and the arts of peace suffer a corresponding eclipse. Those who endure remember past glories and a past culture, so that when hostilities end there is much leeway to be made up. In England Catholics had lost touch with Catholics abroad, and active as the Church had been there—remember the impact of Ignatius Loyola, Charles Borromeo and Philip Neri—she had at home no fresh native spiritual literature to fall back upon; and a great many of the foreign spiritual manuals circulating were tainted with Jansenism. For want of a better art, she was forced to absorb pre-Raphaelite painting.

"We are living on the intellect of a former age," Newman had written in the mid-century. For it was Newman who was later to speak of England's second Catholic spring, so that as one looks back over a century one sees that Catholic gains have often been Protestant losses. One is forced to look directly at the present.

EXACT figures are always hard to provide, but a conservative estimate is that there are now three million Catholics in England. This includes neither the floating population of foreign emigrés nor commercial travelers. Roughly, too, there are eleven thousand converts a year—though 1954 promises to be a peak year. In fact the figures for converts over the last two decades make a rising graph.

Up to about 1930 the aim of English Catholics was to consolidate. They were still to some extent living on the intellect and art of a former age—a state which lessened as Belloc and Chesterton became more prolific. The idea of the Church's being "the scarlet woman of Rome" and of every Jesuit's being a spy were giving place to a new kind of rationalism—logical argument. If in country districts the more irrational attitudes still prevailed, there were some new London publishers who were bringing out reasoned and clear attacks on Catholicism. In place of abuse and blind prejudice, it was being argued that Catholics were not Liberal, that if Catholics gained control in England there would follow a regime as illiberal as that in Mussolini's Italy. Unfortunately this belief was fostered because many Catholics identified the tyrannical corporate-state that Mussolini was building with the teachings of *Rerum Novarum* on Corporatism! The back numbers of *The Tablet* during the thirties tell this sad tale, which brings me to the Catholic press.

The English Catholic press is almost exclusively Conservative. There is nothing wrong with this; a Catholic editor will naturally have his own political views. The views of the editors of *The Tablet, Catholic Times* and *The Universe* are all right-wing: *The Catholic Herald* is a Liberal exception; and the temptation from a survey of the Catholic weekly press might be to suppose that all English Catholic opinion is one hundred per cent Conservative. In actual fact it is nearer forty per cent. At the last election in 1951 more Catholics voted Labor than Conservative. Again most English Catholic writers tend to be either of the Conservative or Liberal parties: this may also tempt some to believe that all Catholic thought is conservative—a line which opponents are quick to exploit. Yet a visit to any provincial university such as Leeds, Southampton or Reading will soon dispel this illusion. For what has happened is that professors and dons (nearly all of whom are converts) have brought to their exposition of the old theology new methods and because as converts few of them have written more than one book their work is mainly known only to readers of specialized reviews. Yet they have a waiting public as time will prove.

In the last century Wilfrid Ward records that during his seminary days "those students were best thought of who learnt best by heart. Genuine philosophic thought annoyed our Professors." Yet when one admits that this is no longer the case one has to admit that this is largely so because laymen such as novelists and poets have in a sense forced the hands of the theologians. Until recently theologians restrained from dealing with new problems especially in science and medicine—their siege mentality allowing them to bask in realms where what was most admired was a parrot memory. They made no attempt to provide in Manning's phrase a "positive theology." For every seminary student Manning believed should read the works of Dickens as well as Aquinas. Yet his advice went almost unheeded so that in perspective it would seem that much of recent apologetic—particularly on sex and psychology—has only been written by theologians because these sexual and psychological problems have already been aired in the poems and novels of writers who are converts.

Monsignor Ronald Knox at a centenary meeting held to celebrate Newman's entry into the Church said that he believed that one main obstacle to conversion was

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that Englishmen disliked the Church's teaching on sex —in particular with regard to contraception and divorce; and indeed through the thirties and early forties very little had been done to explain in clear language what the exact sexual ethic of the Church was. The two or three Catholic publishers that existed seemed wary of bringing out straightforward manuals, and the language was so veiled in the few books which they did issue that often the meaning was obscured.

There has been an opening of barriers. Consider for instance Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola* and put it beside Archbishop David Mathew's novel, *The Prince of Wales Feathers* (1953). The historical "catacomb" novel contrasts oddly with the study of a modern dock-town's human driftwood—its colored peoples, half-castes, spiv adventurers and bawds. For here is the flotsam and jetsam background that Englishmen have seen in their own dock towns. Here is something much more easily comprehended than a pre-Raphaelite picture of the Good Shepherd because this is the world of present reality. Here is something known and experienced first hand. Primitive feelings are examined and produce a response in the reader. This is no piece of hagiographical fustian.

THE recent success this year of Mr. Billy Graham, the American evangelist, was due principally to the fact that he spoke a language that all could understand. In his way he stood for "positive theology." Moreover, because he held his meetings in an arena that was normally associated with boxing he was able to draw thousands of Londoners who had never heard the Bible read nor commented upon since they had left their Sunday schools. Indeed, what was conspicuous about his audiences were the bright colors that they wore: this was goodbye to nonconformity and a reawakening of Elizabethan England. Moreover the preponderance of his audiences were under thirty-five and over sixty per cent men.

One of Mr. Graham's points was that he foresaw in Europe a great religious revival, with London acting as a kind of pivot center. Simultaneously it seems English Catholics have had the same idea. For this year running parallel with his mission (this was coincidence and not planned) there was launched a drive "to bring the Truth about Christ and His Church to millions in Britain." So far only one London paper, *The Daily Sketch,* has featured these advertisements (like those of the Knights of Columbus in the United States)—publishing at the same time an article on Father Michael O'Connor, the director of the campaign (the paper called him "a Catholic Billy Graham"). This campaign features a trend that was discerned by many chaplains during the war who came back to civilian life with the belief that there was a vast public waiting for news of "Christ and His Church" if only such news could be presented intelligently and in contemporary language. What is wanted to counter the modern rationalism is a clear, logical presentation of facts, with a religious accent showing what the Church *is* and *means;* the emphasis nowadays falls on *being* rather than *proving;* because what arouses people from apathy is not the trotting out of proofs, but the evidence that facts add up to truths which are both realities and matters that affect them. Here is an example from the advertisements which have appeared.

> You take your solemn oath on the Bible. Are you sincere? What do you really think about the Bible? Is it the Word of God? Or is it out-of-date, unscientific, a lot of fairy tales? Catholics hold that the Bible is the Word of God and when properly understood, conflicts neither with the truths of history nor of science. The Catholic Church staunchly upholds the Bible. Does that surprise you? Perhaps other things about the Catholic Church would surprise you too. Why not find out? . . .

This is perhaps part of a conscious movement towards the vernacular. The criticism that such a presentation is vulgar and cheap has already been made and must be met. That the press is all-powerful is a commonplace: that it does more harm than good is another general catch-phrase. Yet the latter hides a distinctly defeatist attitude—the kind of attitude that accepts the ruling that this is also "a post-Christian age."

The newspaper is potentially one of the strongest means of communication between men. It has mass circulations denied to other publications and it carries, set out on the same page, news from all over the globe. A provincial paper as well as providing an index to local activities at the same time (in a way denied a national paper) can link local celebrities whom everybody knows with events taking place in Egypt. A photograph of John Bull in khaki replaces the familiar pin-striped suit that he wore when a cashier at a bank. Quite suddenly on the printed page Liverpool Docks have a bearing on the Suez Canal; men are seen less as islands, and more as part of a huge linking mainland. Unconsciously perhaps, newspapers are providing what might be described as an indirect form of Christian Humanism, a leavening. For paradoxically in building up national barriers (remember Hearst's boast that he could start a war) they have become less national as with the development of the wirephoto they have taken to illustrating their texts profusely. The language of the eye is universal—so universal that the visual liturgy which it provides might be called the extension of a "positive theology." "We are all brothers in Christ." John Bull's photograph can give the well-worn text a

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fresh meaning. For these Catholic advertisements, capped with pictures of John Bull as a cashier, a soldier, a family man, emphasize that Catholicism is no exclusive Italian mission, but a religion that is catholic in the widest sense.

The need for English Catholicism today then is to be full-blooded. The influence of the pre-Raphaelites has long been a-dying. Too much stress on Mariology has led to a lack of virility in the Englishman's conception of Christ's mother. Admittedly England was once called Mary's dowry, but it was at a time when Mariology was something basic, something connected with the soil, fertility and the cycle of life. Yet, like Christ's image, Our Lady's also has become a spirit without a body. In these paintings and statues live neither the man who could drive money-lenders from the Temple nor the woman who could endure the hardships of birth in a winter stable. Too many folds in Our Lady's gown have left her with a body that is hard to recognize as a woman's—and one has only to think of mediaeval stained glass to realize how far this disembodying has gone. So what is needed for a second spring, as it were, is another re-incarnation. The Scriptures are full of descriptions of men as strong as oxen, and perhaps it was no mere chance that put an ass and an ox in Christ's stable at Bethlehem. On Palm Sunday He rode through the streets on an ass, and a week later He showed the strength of a ox in His Passion. Yet use of such parables will be found shocking in many Catholic circles. The pre-Raphaelite influence has been so strong in conservative religious interpretation that the beef and lustiness which exist in the New Testament have been almost forgotten. Which sounds laughable of a country whose national figure is called John Bull.

For instance, one will hear Catholics speaking of the mockery of fairs' opening on Good Friday. Remember the nurse who lives above me was not willing to take the children who asked her, but nor did she condemn them for the suggestion. I recall this particularly because before the war I heard a sermon strong in the denunciation of the law that allowed such fairs to open. In fact this puritan-nonconformist attitude of contempt —mild or hot or tinged with Jansenism—arises from a total misunderstanding of a Church whose holy days have always been holidays and whose feasts have always been associated with fairs—as indeed in Europe they still are. Does not a Good Friday fair ironically still bear witness to Easter since after all it is only memory of the Resurrection in the first place that has made of Good Friday a public holiday? I should therefore like to suggest here along what grounds it seems to me that a "positive English theology" can develop.

A CHILD when he is small will whirl round and round for the sheer joy of it. Again adults, like children, love a merry-go-round. The simple desire to spin round and round until you fall is a desire that is with men until they die; in fact they live in a whirling world in which everything is circular—the rotation of the crops, their position in the womb, their whole day. This is something literal and basic—an experience common to all men. It is as common now as it was in 1870, 1720, 1620 or Christ's own day. It was something that both Christ and His mother experienced, since His birth was essentially a natural birth with no hint of unnatural deity—as for example in the case of Jove when he sprang full-grown from Minerva. That is why at the beginning of this survey I spoke of the vital role that the lay apostolate has to play in the conversion of a slowly dying nonconformist England. There is a big temptation to think that because Christ was born into a Mediterranean culture, then Christian and Western values can be equated. This is a line exploited by politicians, and now that Catholic Emancipation is so well established there is the added danger that Catholic votes may be canvassed for causes that are no more than good old die-hard nineteenth century materialism wrapped up under fresh labels.

Even in literature where religion (in the face of Communism's eclipse in the West) is becoming fashionable, there is a big temptation to herald a Christian literary revival simply because writers employ so many words like "incense" and "rosaries." That is why in the English lay apostolate, the Young Christian Workers act as an anchor to sense—manual and literal. They remind one that the figure is three million Catholics and the number of converts is something like eleven thousand a year. They remind one that every day a large body of the Catholic franchise is facing the developments of a new technology within whose science there resides a truth to be found and a theology to be worked out. They remind one that there can be no retreat to the last century. Basic words must be found to incorporate these new techniques, and yet still bear witness to the meaning of the Word. For this is the dual task facing Catholics as they enter into the second half of the twentieth century, and at such a time for English Catholics there can be nothing better than to remember Newman's prophetic words: "We act according to our name: Catholics are at home in every time and place, in every state of society, in every class of the community, in every stage of cultivation."

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COST OF SNOBBERY

Starch for the White Collars

IT seems that two young women met on the street and one said to the other, "Congratulations! I hear you're engaged."

(If this were a man speaking, it would be considered bad form to congratulate a woman on catching a man. But women are too realistic to be bothered with such protocol.)

"No," said the other, "I broke it off."

"Why?"

"He lied to me. He told me he was a bricklayer, when all the time he was only a bank president."

The last time I looked, bricklayers in Newark, N.J., were making $3.65 an hour and I think it most likely that there are bank presidents in small country towns who make less than that. But with that reservation this is not only an old joke, but also an inaccurate social commentary. For the odds are that the average young American woman would rather starve to death with a bank teller than live in style with a manual laborer on good union wages.

Such is the snobbery of young Americans, male and female, and their indifference to the philosophy of labor taught by the Carpenter of Nazareth.

I am not kidding when I use the phrase "starve to death with a bank teller." According to Bulletin No. 1156, "Banking Occupations," issued recently by the U.S. Department of Labor, the average weekly earnings of *male* bank tellers (paying and receiving) in five selected cities were, in 1951, $55.50 in Atlanta, $57 in Bridgeport and Dallas, $60 in San Francisco, and $65.50 in New York.

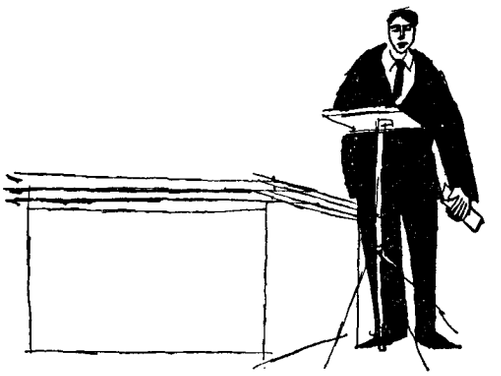
No wonder the "Bank Teller Disappears with Funds" headline is such a common one. For the same U.S. Department of Labor reports that "a modest but adequate" standard of living for a four-person urban family (man, wife and two children under fifteen) cost in October, 1951, just about $83 a week in Atlanta, $82 in San Francisco, and $78.50 in New York. (No figures for Bridgeport and Dallas.)

Of course, as somebody put it, these white collar jobs pay off in "psychic income." In the hot summer dog days I have always thought it would be nice to work in a bank. They all have air conditioning and most of them are full of pretty women. There's something about money that attracts good-looking women, like flowers and bees. But for the women who work there the flowers are strictly artificial. Female tellers in the five cities mentioned above average even less than the men, from $44 in Bridgeport up to $57 in San Francisco.

Some years back, in the days before the Korean War, when the cost of living was a good bit lower, the Dewey Administration in New York reported that it cost about $44 a week for a young woman office worker, even living at home with her folks, to maintain a standard of living that would make it possible for her to hold her head up.

Class B typists in finance, insurance and real estate jobs were in 1951 averaging $39 in Boston, $41.50 in Newark, $37 in Philadelphia, $34.50 in Baltimore, $39 in Atlanta, and $38.50 in St. Louis, to mention a few of the lower-paid ones.

And where do you suppose they get the girls to fill these jobs? Nice girls, intelligent, well-trained, and docile—the type that would never dream of joining a dirty old union? They get them from Catholic high schools.



This is no joke. It is standard operating procedure for certain insurance companies to send out representatives to talk to the graduating classes of Catholic high schools and sell them on the advantages of working for peanuts in their handsome, air-conditioned buildings with a lot of nice, white, Gentile girls like themselves. (I don't charge that there is any explicit anti-Semitic or anti-Negro propaganda in these sales talks, but I am reliably informed that the implications are pretty obvious.) Well, what is the general result? The general result is that if the girl lives at home with her folks, she is partially supported by them. This is perhaps not too serious.

What is serious is what happens to the men. They do not get married as soon as they should. They do not have as many children as they should, or would like to have. They depend on birth control, or working wives, or both to come even close to matching the image of themselves that our movies, magazines and television programs have created in their minds and hearts.

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THERE is of course a simple solution to all this. It is union organization. But so far it is not a solution that has really caught on with white collar workers.

I know of no data on the exact extent of unionization in this field. The principal concentrations would be in the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks, AFL (over 300,000); the AFL Telegraphers Union; AFL and CIO retail unions (several hundred thousand); AFL entertainment unions (musicians, actors, etc.); CIO Newspaper Guild (27,000); AFL and CIO insurance agents; CIO telephone workers (several hundred thousand); and the Office Employees International Union, AFL. These and other bona fide unions could not boast more than 2,000,000 white collar and professional workers out of a potential of at least 10,000,000.

The OEIU has 43,000 members. I had lunch the other day with Tom Flynn, one of its international representatives, a capable young man whose history includes a couple of years with the State Department in Manila where he helped Father Hogan and Johnny Tan create a new labor federation free from racketeer and Communist control. Tom surprised me by telling me that the Gallup Poll had come up with a survey that showed that seventy per cent of white collar workers are generally favorable to unions. I had thought that the figure would be much lower.

"Then why don't they join them?" I asked.

"Fear mostly," he said. "Let me tell you about one of our organizing campaigns. Two assistant managers from a prominent loan company came to us for help. One of them, who is married and has two kids, was still making $50 a week after working there over a year. The company has about three hundred employees in this area so we had these fellows get an organizing committee together. A few weeks later their bosses came to both men and told them New York had sent word that their services were no longer required. They further told them that unless they signed letters of resignation they would not receive vacation money due them.

"We are all convinced that they were fired for union activity, but how are you going to prove it?

"In New York," Flynn went on, "our local organized the same company, but only after a management representative had offered bribes to one of our organizers and used every anti-union tactic in the book. I shouldn't have to add that our man turned down the bribes.

"Or take our campaign at Chase National Bank in New York. Here's a financial giant with fifteen thousand employees in twenty-eight branches. We tackled it in 1950 and within two weeks had an organizing committee of fifty members. One of them was a college man, also with two children, who I remember was making $34 a week take-home pay. A month after the campaign started Chase handed out a general increase of two dollars, and boom, that was the end of the campaign."

My own opinion is that this kind of thing can't last forever. Any company that has a large percentage of young unmarried women will always be tough to organize. There is too much turnover, not to mention the other difficulties. But the unions will catch up with them sooner or later. You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of time. But you can't persuade married men to live on $34 a week after taxes, or $50 a week before taxes—not for long.

Maybe we could do something to speed up the process. I think the priests, nuns and laymen who are responsible for Catholic education could do a lot to wise up those young girls who feed the white collar giants with a steady supply of cheap, docile labor. They could also do a lot to wise up the eager young men who furnish the male equivalent. Somehow or other we've got to get more starch in those white collars.

JOHN C. CORT.

THE SCREEN

S FOR SOMETIME

ALFRED Hitchock's "Dial M for Murder" is a sometime thing. Sometimes it's frightfully exciting and shows why Hitchcock is considered the master director of suspense; but sometimes it is banal and exasperatingly talky. It concerns a husband who married for money and then, realizing his wife is in love with another man, decides to kill her before she and her wealth can get out of his grasp. Since "Dial M for Murder" is not really a mystery film (until the very last part when you wonder how on earth the detective will trap the husband who seems to be getting away with the perfect crime) I am not revealing too much when I tell that the husband's plot doesn't work out as planned; the man he hires to kill his wife is killed *by* the wife in self-defense; and then she is tried for murder and found guilty.

Frederick Knott, who wrote the stage play, also wrote the movie script, but instead of allowing himself the freedom of place and action permitted by cinema technique, he sticks closely to the London living-room set used on the stage. And strangely enough Hitchcock relies on angle shots and 3-D (which he uses for depth and not trick stuff) to get motion into his motion picture. Ray Milland is effective in the role of the incredibly diabolical husband but not convincing. Grace Kelly as the wife and Robert Cummings as the American author she loves win attention but no admiration.

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For all its terrifying suspense, "Dial M for Murder" never succeeds in drawing the audience into its story. You don't identify yourself with any of the characters —unless it be with the police inspector, skillfully played by John Williams, who has the brightest lines and comes up with the right answers at the end.

PRODUCER Lesser Samuels and Director Victor Saville have turned "The Long Wait," a Mickey Spillane thriller, into an exercise in violence and brutality. Its cinematic technique is good enough; and Anthony Quinn, as a Spillane tough guy, and his supporting cast show that they know something about movie acting—but mayhem runs riot, and if a film like this weren't so carefully calculated to appeal to one's baser instincts, it could be taken as a joke. Most of the laughs in connection with "The Long Wait" are unintentional. They arise from the absurd dialogue and as relief from the violence-for-violence's-sake visuals.

I WAS so enthusiastic about "Roshomon" that I'm sorry not to be able to give a good report to "Ana-Ta-Han," the latest import with a Japanese cast. It tells a story (somewhat based on fact) of a group of Japanese men who spent seven years on a lonely island with one woman. Obviously this is not a pretty story; however the tracing of the degradation in character through the years as the men struggle for the woman has a certain interest. But Josef Von Sternberg, who wrote, directed and photographed this picture in Japan, saw fit to drag the unsavory story on and on until what starts in a realistic documentary fashion becomes almost a series of repetitious orgies. Although the narration in English as well as the visuals point out the corruption in morals that takes place in this extraordinary situation, the commentary is naive at times and unnecessarily pretentious. Many of the scenes are effectively done, and the final sequence with the men returning to their homeland, long after World War II is over, is unusually sensitive and thoughtful. But movies being the realistic medium they are, one has a right to question the motives behind the making of "Ana-Ta-Han." It pretends to be anthropology, but comes out as a shocker—and a rather dull one at that.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"McCARTHY AND HIS ENEMIES"

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: There appeared recently in these pages [April 16], a review of our book, *McCarthy and His Enemies,* which Mr. Buckley and I feel so grossly misrepresented our position as to require a reply.

The reviewer, Mr. William Shannon of the New York *Post,* did venture several left-handed compliments. We cannot be so generous for, in our opinion, Mr. Shannon's observations were neither "candid" nor "factual." His review suggests that "scrupulousness" in "research and analysis" is an admirable quality (we are given "full credit"), but a dispensable one when dealing with the subject of Joe McCarthy.

The underlying indictment of the book, Mr. Shannon maintains, is to be found in the "moral callousness of their [our] judgments. . . . [The authors use] a large and capacious sponge." "Their exposition," Mr. Shannon continues "makes devastatingly clear that McCarthy has consistently lied, exaggerated, quoted out of context . . . and deliberately accused persons, against whom he had no evidence, of heinous crimes." Yet they defend him by arguing that "the end justifies the means."

Now it may be unbecoming for us to say that our judgments are *not* morally callous; but it is demonstrable that, in his effort to support this charge, Mr. Shannon largely ignored our book.

Let us test Mr. Shannon's contentions for their "scrupulousness."

"One may," he writes, "review just a few of the lies they freely concede McCarthy told." Seven items are listed. Four of them we did *not* concede to be lies, which leaves Mr. Shannon batting at .429—better perhaps than his colleagues' average in the McCarthy-baiting league, but not quite at the level of "scrupulousness." The following are Mr. Shannon's additions to our list:

"He [McCarthy] wired President Truman in 1950: 'I have in my possession the names of fifty-seven Communists who are in the State Department at present.' He had no such list of names." We pointed out (Chapter V) that McCarthy *did* have a list of fifty-seven names, which, along with fifty-three others, he gave to the Tydings Committee. The fifty-seven, on the basis of resumés of their loyalty files, appeared to be, at the very least, extremely bad security risks. McCarthy's "egregious blunder," as we put it, was to claim that he could prove what is in most cases unprovable with respect to the covert agent—membership in the Communist Party.

"He accused Haldore Hanson, in his writings on China, of being a Communist propagandist." We wrote (pp. 96, 274) that McCarthy was *justified* in so accusing Hanson. For in addition to the evidence contained in Hanson's writings, Louis Budenz testified that he knew Hanson to be a member of the Communist Party. We did observe that "In deciding to spear Hanson as a Communist . . . McCarthy took for himself an unnecessarily hard row to hoe"—since, for purposes of demonstrating the inadequacy of the State Department

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security program, he had only to prove that Hanson was a *security risk*.

"In accusing Owen Lattimore, he said he was the 'top Russian spy' in this country." We carefully refrained from calling this a "lie" (a "lie," at the margin, is a statement at variance with the speaker's thinking on the matter). For both Alexander Barmine and Igor Bogolopov reported that Lattimore had done jobs for Soviet Intelligence; and it is not unthinkable that McCarthy, upon also learning of the high diplomatic level at which Lattimore was operating, concluded, in good faith, that he dominated the Soviet espionage ring in the United States. Because, however, evidence of top level espionage was missing, this was a rash opinion which we called "censurable" (p. 274) and "deplorable" (p. 275).

"One last example [*of the "lies" we "freely concede"*]*: the authors observe, 'It is indeed characteristic of McCarthy to put into direct quotes what amounts to his own paraphrase of someone's position.'"* The book (p. 90) continued as follows: "Such [oral] interpolations, to be sure, pay scant heed to the rules of scholarship. But to condemn McCarthy on the strength of these rules is to judge him by standards . . . not subscribed to by other politicians and . . . not expected of them. . . . The canons of politics, at their severest, proscribe misrepresentation. McCarthy in . . . [this] instance . . . did not misrepresent Hanson."

Our book discussed each of McCarthy's "cases" from 1950 to 1953. We examined each charge he made against the evidence that was available at the time. In summary we wrote: ". . . it is clear that he has been guilty of a number of exaggerations, some of them reckless. . . ." (p. 277). But we found, too, that in case after case McCarthy had been right (although his enemies, in each case, had claimed he was wrong), that the vast majority of his specific accusations had been justified (although his critics had called them all "baseless"), that his general charges concerning the laxness of the federal security program had been dead on the mark (although his critics had labelled them a "fraud and a hoax").

One of the purposes of our case-by-case, allegation-by-allegation study was to furnish readers like Mr. Shannon with a list of the sins McCarthy has actually committed, as a substitute for that old and much longer list of sins that he is alleged to have committed but, as a matter of record, did not. It is one thing for Mr. Shannon even in the teeth of the evidence, to cling, as a matter of preference, to the old list; but when he decides to describe ours, he should leave it as he finds it.

Our book does, indeed, contain passages criticizing Senator McCarthy. His specific transgressions are spelled out, including the several instances in which it appeared to us he consciously departed from the truth. We did not, to be sure, go on to demand McCarthy's expulsion from the Senate; and for such "moral callousness" we evidently lost Mr. Shannon. Which brings us to the several means by which, Mr. Shannon alleges, we "justify" McCarthy's offenses.

"Their [*our*] *front line defense is a tissue of rationalizations, ex-post-facto reason . . . loose environmentalism . . . moral relativism (all politicians exaggerate more or less and besides, the liberals say just as nasty things about him as he says about them). The defense, in other words, is that the end justifies the means."*

First, be it noted, "the end justifies the means" are *not* "other words" for "loose environmentalism," "moral relativism," etc.; thus we are left in some doubt as to what we are being charged with. But more important: we cannot understand why Mr. Shannon gets himself mixed up in a discussion of *how* we defended Senator McCarthy's derelictions in the light of the explicit statement in our book that we had *no* defense to offer. After summarizing McCarthy's offenses, we wrote (p. 277): *"For these transgressions we have neither the desire to defend him nor the means to do so. Measured against the moral command that proscribes every witting divergence from the truth, they are reprehensible."*

Having thus sat in moral judgment of specific acts of Joe McCarthy, we went on with our discussion of McCarthy and McCarthyism as *political alternatives*. From this point of departure, we indeed urged that McCarthy be judged as against his contemporaries: We insisted that the relative frequency with which other publicists indulge in falsehoods is pertinent. For, unfortunately, we are not permitted, either at the ballot box or, day by day, at the public forum, to choose between Light and Darkness. A political decision necessarily entails, *inter alia*, a choice between human beings, who are all partly bad.

In the political context, therefore, it is pertinent to ask how often McCarthy departs from the truth, and to go on to compare his record with that of men in the same business. Considering this question in our book, we wrote: "McCarthy's record is . . . not only much better than his critics allege but, given his metier, extremely good."

But even had we found McCarthy's record, in this respect, much *worse* than that of his contemporaries, we could still have written a book supporting him on balance because of his accomplishments—while denouncing the wrongs he may have committed. Let us, for its purpose of putting Mr. Shannon's "ends and means" argument to a more vivid test, consider a political contest in which one side's mendacity visibly eclipses the other's. What are we to conclude about the moral standing of the informed voter who voted for Harry Truman in 1948? He did so knowing that Truman often lied, that he was a dedicated practitioner of the group libel, that he indulged in wholesale distortion of the public record. Presumably, though, he ap-

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proved of Truman's political program. Does it follow that our Truman supporter felt that the President's ends *justified* his means? In all probability he preferred Truman *in spite of* his means, a distinction that we cannot suppose is lost on Mr. Shannon or on his superiors at the New York *Post*.

But beyond making amoral judgments, Mr. Shannon charges, we "mislead the reader who is trying to arrive at an honest judgment of McCarthy's role." *"By focusing so narrowly on the written record,"* he complains, we *"excluded a great segment of reality"*—i.e., we ended up talking about an altogether different McCarthy from the black devil Mr. Shannon and the Liberals have been excoriating for the past four years. Concretizing the charge in his own way, Mr. Shannon writes, *"In other words, McCarthy, the ruthless, power-hungry, flamboyant politician whose cute tricks and shoddy maneuvers every Washington newsman knows so well, never emerges on these dignified pages."*

Surely a question has never been begged so completely. We were well aware that McCarthy the ruthless, McCarthy the power-hungry, is the fellow Washington newsmen write about. Hence we asked at an early point in our book, "Is . . . [this] view of McCarthy . . . something for which McCarthy himself is responsible, or something for which persons other than McCarthy are responsible? Is it traceable to things McCarthy has *really* done and *really* said, or to things he is merely *alleged* to have done and said?"

The Tydings investigation is an important case in point. After an exhaustive study of the "narrow . . . written record," we concluded that the "investigation" was a palpable fraud, that it amounted, simply, to a deliberate, vicious, and successful attempt to smear Senator McCarthy. Now comes Mr. Shannon, A.D. 1954, asserting that our book presented a "candid, factual and in most, though not all, instances, a reasonable account of . . . the work of the Tydings Committee." We rejoice that Mr. Shannon is now saying these things; but he must remain on the stand a little longer. Long enough, anyway, to ask Mr. Shannon what he, or his predecessor in the New York *Post's* Washington office, was reporting in *1950,* during and after the Tydings disgrace.

At that time, the *Post,* and virtually every other Liberal newspaper, were explaining to the public that McCarthy, on his Tydings record, was an insatiable and unconscionable publicity-seeker who managed to keep politically alive through baseless accusations, irresponsible charges and the Big Lie. "The fate of the [Tydings] Report," we wrote, "was placed, as all such things are placed, in the hands of opinion-molders throughout the land. . . . They could expose that fraud; or they could become accomplices after the fact. For the most part they chose the latter course."

But Mr. Shannon, even today, is not completely repentant, as is shown by his one illustration of the "reality" that eluded us. "Why," he asks, "do the authors think McCarthy told his big lie about Lattimore being the top Soviet espionage agent in this country? . . . Actually, it occurred solely for public-relations reasons. . . . He needed a headline." The record shows that McCarthy made this charge at a *secret* session of the Tydings Committee, and that it was leaked to the public not by McCarthy or his friends, but by Drew Pearson.

Finally, a word about Mr. Shannon's treatment of several proposals we made relating to the Civil Service. His remarks on this point alone raise doubts as to whether his review was ever intended as a serious, honest commentary.

"The authors," he writes, "make ultimate defense of McCarthy by providing him with a rationale for his attacks on governmental employees, particularly diplomats, whose loyalty and non-Communism is beyond question. They suggest that the only standard should be not, 'Who is loyal?' but 'Who favors those policies that are in the national interest as we see it?' . . . Using this concept of a 'security risk' the authors are obviously able to justify McCarthy's attacks on almost any government official . . . the possibility of human failure [in making policy decisions] is excluded, and failure categorized as a crime against the nation. . . ."

1) Our book, as indicated previously, offers *no* defense, "ultimate" or otherwise, for unjustified attacks on the loyalty of government employees. We wrote, for example (p. 335): "When persons about whose loyalty or security reliability there is *no* reasonable doubt are flushed from government service *for security reasons,* those responsible should be criticized and held to an accounting both at the polls and before investigating committees."

2) In our chapter "Closing Ranks: Some Proposals for the Civil Service" we addressed ourselves to the problem: "How can the American people make sure that the State Department is manned by personnel able and eager to destroy the enemy?" In the course of the discussion, we ventured to suggest that some Department personnel may be unfit to perform this job even though their loyalty is above suspicion. But far from offering this argument as a "rationale" for Senator McCarthy's activities, we stated specifically, while discussing his record, that McCarthy's charges must be evaluated by the existing standards for government service, not by our notions of what those standards ought to be (pp. 95, 123). And before setting forth our proposals, we wrote: "We do not, we hasten to add, attribute a similar view to McCarthy" (p. 245).

3) In making these proposals, we clearly and repeatedly distinguished between "security risks" and what we called "policy-misfits." The latter designation we used to describe personnel whose loyalty cannot

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reasonably be questioned, but whose demonstrated views and attitudes on critical issues are such as to render them unserviceable to an incumbent Administration. We argued that policy-makers, who are either incompetent or are personally committed to policies that have been repudiated by the electorate, should be *removable*—i.e., should be denied the Civil Service's guarantee of tenure.

Mr. Shannon is entitled, of course, to disagree, and to disagree violently, with the idea that a given Administration should be permitted to get rid of personnel who obstruct the enactment of its policies. But his contention that we include the "policy-misfit" in the security risk category is a misrepresentation that cannot, in our opinion, be explained away even by pleading cursory acquaintance with the book he was reviewing. We suggested, for example, a number of procedural steps to facilitate the discharge of undesirable employees; at each step we distinguished between the treatment to be given a security case and a "policy" case (pp. 261, 262). We said, again for example, that the policy-misfit should, after his discharge, be financially reimbursed by the government "until the employee finds a new job, with comparable economic return, elsewhere in the community" (p. 260). Such an employee, Mr. Shannon chose to inform Commonweal readers, we accused of a "crime against the nation."

We commented frequently in our book on the hypocrisy of McCarthy's public critics, for, among other things, one so often hears in their denunciations of McCarthy an appeal to the Moral Law.

L. BRENT BOZELL.

Washington, D.C.

TO the Editors: Without attempting to improve my .429 batting average (which is about 400 points higher than Senator McCarthy's), I leave to the reader to decide whether in the four disputed instances, Senator McCarthy is guilty of lying or simply of an "egregious blunder," a "rash opinion," or some other finely shaded variation of deliberate misrepresentation.

I am not interested in defending the work of the Tydings Committee any more than I am in defending the political opinions of Owen Lattimore. I am content to say that now as in 1950 McCarthy is a fraud and I leave Mr. Bozell and Mr. Buckley to pick and choose as to which frauds they prefer to support. It does not look like a promising field for the exercise of prudential judgment.

Naturally, the authors do not bluntly defend McCarthy's "transgressions" against the truth. There are obviously some things which even they will not defend, at least not explicitly. The fact remains they tried very hard to construct a tissue of rationalizations for almost every one of Senator McCarthy's actions as any reader can discover by reading the book.

The environmental argument based on Mr. Truman's campaign is, of course, quite irrelevant. We are not arguing about what McCarthy or any other politician may have said on the stump in the way of "campaign oratory." We are discussing what McCarthy said and did between elections as a reasonable public official on the floor of the Senate and in official committee hearings.

As for the "Russian spy" incident concerning Lattimore, the authors only re-demonstrate their ignorance of the full McCarthy story. McCarthy leaked the name of Lattimore to favored newsmen and his identity was known all over Washington twenty-four hours before Pearson broadcast it. No other newsmen used it because no paper would print such a charge unless McCarthy would say it for quotation. This book is inevitably incomplete and distorted because as a freshman history student, even at Yale, should know, any "narrow written record" is inadequate foundation for accurate history unless it is put in its proper context.

As for "policy risks" and "security risks," this is a distinction without a difference. Both exclude loyalty consideration and go to the question of judgment. Whatever jargon is used, their argument is still an attack on the career diplomatic service and a plea for the stigmatization of error. The only basis for policy-making in a democracy, as distinguished from a totalitarian state, is honest reporting and calculated risk-taking free from the fear of *ex post facto* retribution.

The authors argue that they are supporting McCarthy despite his means and not because they believe his alleged ends justify his means. Have they forgotten that ultimately a man's means determine the end he achieves? "A bad tree cannot bring forth good fruit." By choosing to support a persistent practitioner of falsehood and slander, Messrs. Bozell and Buckley are taking upon themselves some of the moral onus for the evil those means produce. No amount of self-righteous remarks about the "hypocrisy" of their critics can remove that onus. The responsibility is theirs and I am happy to leave it to them.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON.

REMAILING BACK ISSUES

Capuchin seminarians of Capuchin Friary, Garrison, N.Y., would like one hundred and fifty subscribers to The Commonweal regularly to send their back copies of the magazine for the purpose of being remailed to Asian students in the United States. For details write to Frater Francis McCarthy at Garrison.

Miss S. N. Harro of the Little Theresian Society, Santa Barbara, Iloilo, Philippines, is connected with a Catholic reading center which seeks back issues of The Commonweal and other magazines. Miss Harro also appeals for useful second-hand books.

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The Return of A. Pruett Ripperger

JOHN A. LUKACS

WHEN the landslide buried our hero in May 1934, shirtless young men were wielding picks and shovels under the sun all over the American landscape; a sweaty, optimistic glow was coming slowly upon the country in this second year of the New Deal. The CCC gang to which our Rip Van Winkle belonged was at work along an abandoned lane in New York State, not far from the birthplace of Washington Irving. A. Pruett Ripperger, a temporarily jobless history instructor, whom schoolmates called "Rip," failed to step aside in time. He hardly heard the warnings of his companions, who were on top of an enormous pile of dirt. More than five tons of that earth rained down upon Rip and buried him.

One morning in May 1954 Ripperger awakened from his death-like sleep. It took him two days, after this inexplicable revival, to get his bearings, but on the second evening he discovered he was a bare five miles from a small college that he remembered very well. For it was there that his friend Heffelfinger had received his lucky appointment, in the locust year of 1933, to be a full-time instructor, with a salary of twenty-eight hundred dollars per annum. "It may be a lifetime job," Heffelfinger had written him at the time. It sounded like Heff, with his Germanic caution and precision—Heff, who earnestly took Political Science instead of History, and seriously devoted himself to political philosophies and constitutions.

Heffelfinger was still at the college, Rip found, big and fat now, with a stubby little moustache. It was not long till the two sat discussing politics in Heffelfinger's green clapboard house.

"How many terms did Roosevelt have?" Ripperger inquired of his old friend. "He must be King now, Permanent Executive, or something."

"Roosevelt is dead," Professor Heffelfinger said, with a surprising smirk on his face. "He is now often called a traitor to the country."

"Aha," said Rip Van Winkle, "so the Marxists have won out. I was afraid that would happen. There were too many of them around. They all said that the New Deal was not going far enough."

"But no," the Professor said, "the reactionaries are in the saddle now, the right-wing Republicans. There is a man by the name of McCarthy. . . ."

"Wait, wait just a minute. So the New Deal has been scrapped. Back to good old capitalism, eh? Well, the pendulum of history . . .," Rippinger said. "That means the unions have finally been stopped, I suppose."

"By no means, Rip. The unions are stronger than ever. Economically, anyway."

"I gather that we must be back to isolationism," Rip said. "Isolationism, in my opinion, had some merit. I am a pacifist, you know. . . . Old Economics Robinson used to argue that our national budget could never carry more than about seven to eight billion dollars a year and that a war, or heavy armaments, nowadays, would hopelessly upset it. . . ."

"Well," said Heffelfinger, "today the budget is around eighty billion, and the U.S. has military bases all over the globe."

"My dear fellow, you must be mad. You were speaking of the right-wing Republicans. Or has the German danger grown so big? Is that man Hitler still around?"

"No, we defeated Hitler in a world war a decade ago."

"I guess we learned our lesson, then; we'll certainly keep the Germans disarmed for a long time to come."

"Rip, right now we are allied with the Germans against the Russians."

"I presume then that we must all be up against the Oriental Peril—Russia and Japan."

"The Japanese are our allies, too."

"I'll be damned. . . . Still, perhaps we have gone back to our historic policies in Asia. Around 1900, I remember, everyone was worrying about the Russian bear, and rightly so. But I bet there must be a lot of isolationist Republican sentiment in this country, to get out of all this mess. I remember that Hoover spoke of making America a Gibraltar. . . ."

"Just the opposite, my dear Rip, just the opposite. There is a colonial revolt in Indochina, and most of the few who want to intervene are Republicans, not Democrats. We have alliances all over Asia, you know. But all this brings us to the right-wing Republicans and to that man McCarthy. . . ."

"Dear Heffelfinger, you are completely confusing me. You mean that Wall Street is in power again? The robber barons run foreign policy—or what?"

"Well, not quite," said Heffelfinger. "Harriman, Rockefeller, Whitney are leading internationalists; many of them are Democrats. And, incidentally, the Democrats have a marvelous leader now, by the name of Adlai Stevenson."

Mr. Lukacs teaches at La Salle and Chestnut Hill Colleges in Philadelphia.

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"Of that family of Illinois aristocrats? Well, again, I'll be damned. . . . But the Republicans surely have a businessman President."

"No, Rip. Their man is a general."

"Well, then, it seems that what the left-wingers were afraid of has come true, after all. They always said that out of a weakening capitalistic system would come a strong military dictator who would ride roughshod over constitutional liberties and over Congress itself."

"I am afraid that isn't the case. In fact, it is rather the opposite. You see, this President has a very great respect for Congress. As a matter of fact, a kind of silent fear of Congress. The general in the White House now is actually unduly respectful."

"Then our Liberals must be happy. They have always been railing against strong Executive powers. I remember they were forever crying at the conservatives to heed the voice of the people, which, they kept telling us, was the voice of God. Personally, I reserved my judgment. But, anyway, the Liberals must be happy. . . ."

"Again, I am afraid they are not. You see, they want the President to use a strong hand in order to curb Congress."

"Heff, I give up. What kind of cabinet does this general have?"

"Well, there are a lot of businessmen in it, mostly of the modern type, very down-to-earth and democratic in style. There is only one old-fashioned conservative, the Secretary of Agriculture, man named Benson."

"Well, he must be popular with the Midwestern Republicans. I remember how they used to scream to heaven because of FDR's socialistic farm program. Benson is the most popular man in the Cabinet, I suppose?"

"On the contrary, Rip, he is the least popular. You see, Benson proposes a maximum of seventy-five per cent parity prices, whereas the McCarthy I mentioned proposes one hundred per cent and upwards. . . ."

"Oh, I see. McCarthy, of course, must be a Socialist, if not a Communist. Especially with his Irish name. . . . His name must be mud in the Bible Belt and in Texas."

"Not at all. His greatest strength is *in* Texas and the Midwest."

"Heffelfinger, I really give up. All the Irish I knew were Democrats or Radicals. Remember Tom Mooney? You know, I wrote my doctor's thesis on nineteenth-century Irish history. Marx used to say that there was one country with the national aspirations of which he had greatest sympathy. You know what country that was, Heffelfinger?"

"Russia?"

"By God, no. It was Ireland. . . . I wrote my master's thesis on Marx. You know the country Marx despised most?"

"Germany?"

"Heffelfinger! Marx himself was a German. The country he despised and hated was Russia. Marx feared that the Russians would, one day, establish themselves at a line that would run from the Baltic to Trieste."

"Well, they're there now, all right."

* * *

Ripperger was going to New York.

"Wait a minute," said Heffelfinger. "I want you to take this envelope to our old friend Starr Buck. He is an editor now. Take him this poem. He won't publish it, but he may send me thirty dollars for the gag, especially when he hears your story. And, after all, your questions were my inspiration."

The poem which Heffelfinger handed to his friend, with a slightly nervous and apologetic smirk, ran as follows:

Now when all terms, labels, libels are out on
a semantic binge,
Now when all who opposed Hitler acquire a
subversive tinge,
I move that we put some order into such a
mass of things,
Let's clear out progressive centers, middle
roads, right and left wings,
For the sake of all our students, sponsored
and lone commentators
Let us review the commonest of all common
denominators:
Upon which all propositions rest: *Vox Populi
Vox Dei Non Est.*
Let's reduce all camps to two simpler ones,
in order to
Make them truly indicative:
Conserval, and Radicative!

Starr Buck did not buy the poem, of course. But after a pleasant luncheon he sent Rip over to see some friends of his at a lecture agency.

AN APPEAL

Franciscans of the St. Isabel Mission in the Navajo Reservation, a hundred miles from the nearest doctor or hospital, are trying to build up a badly needed small dispensary. According to government statistics the Navajo Indians suffer more from disease and ill health than any other group in the United States; their life expectancy is but twenty years. This dispensary is now extremely primitive with its dirt floor, old drum for a stove and smoke hole in the center; it is made of mud and logs. But even so it has saved several lives. Much more could be accomplished with better facilities. Contributions for this dispensary may be sent to the Marquette League, 289 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N.Y.

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Politics as a Threat to the Artist

ART UNDER A DICTATORSHIP. By Hellmut Lehmann-Haupt. Oxford. $5.50.

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

THE relation of art and politics in the twentieth century has been a paradoxical one. The dominant tendency of art has been more or less apolitical, jealous of its autonomy, and alienated from society as a whole. Yet it is precisely this kind of art which totalitarianism has feared, and the gigantic apparatus of the modern state has been used to crush it.

I think that Hellmut Lehmann-Haupt has discovered the primary cause for this state of affairs in his new book. He writes, "What we must realize is the central role assigned to the arts by the modern dictator. He does not think of art as a luxury or a pastime. . . . He always sees it as a vital part of the very nerve center of the social organism. . . . Art that is the expression of individual search, of experiment, of intuitive play, art that penetrates the surface of the visual world . . .—that art cannot be tolerated by the dictator."

Art Under A Dictatorship is the tragic documentaton of the truth of this statement. Mainly concerned with Nazi Germany, it shows how Hitler and his entourage felt that art was sufficiently important to require their attention in the middle of war. There was, for example, the subtle *Christmas Book* published by the Nazis. At first glance, it seemed to be a routine collection of Christmas songs and legend. But on careful reading, it emerged as a meticulous paganization of the feast, and it was conceived on the highest levels of Nazi officialdom as a propaganda instrument to avoid the "sentimentality" of the "Christian Christmas."

Yet the reason for this process is not to be found in the totalitarian state alone. Lehmann-Haupt presents a revealing quotation from Hitler's *Kulturrede* of 1935: "As long as the characteristic traits of our big cities of today are department stores, bazaars, hotels, and business buildings in the form of skyscrapers as their most prominent visual accents, we cannot talk of art or yet of real culture."

I personally believe in the autonomy and independence of art and feel that it must be defended against any movement—"socialist realism" or pure aryanism—which would subordinate it to extra-aesthetic ends. Yet at the same time, I think that this book should make us hope for a voluntary and free re-integration of art into society. Art should not be subject to politics, certainly, but neither should it deny its social function.

The point is that when art is foreign to society, society is most apt to receive totalitarian anti-aesthetic schemes as being logical. And

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the logic is built on a half truth—the social nature of art—which is perverted into a terrible falsehood—the political control of art. It is only by understanding this that we can unravel this paradox which Lehmann-Haupt presents: "The Nazis called modern art Bolshevistic, degenerate, Jewish. The Soviets call it capitalistic, bourgeois, degenerate. The critics in the United States call it communistic, subversive, abnormal." Now it would be impossible for modern art to be all these things at once. Yet it is simultaneously alienated from the Nazi, the Stalinist, the American; this is the element it has in common.

Modern totalitarianism always builds on a reality. The inability of the Weimar Republic to solve its terrible internal crisis was a premise of Nazism, and poverty, nationalism and revolution are premises of Stalinism. This same perversion of the half-truth holds in the case of art and totalitarianism. An excellent documention like this book by Lehmann-Haupt should certainly convince us of the necessity for the freedom of art. Yet it should also call our attention to the tragic situation in which this freedom finds itself. It should fix our awareness on the cultural emptiness of so much of modern life which gives force to the totalitarian program. The difference is that we should look to the freedom of society and the artist as the only source sufficiently creative to meet the problem.

The Big City

MANHATTAN. Edited by Seymour Krim. Bantam. 35c.

By WILLIAM PFAFF

THERE is in this book one story about a Third Avenue bar, there is one Damon Runyon piece, there are two *New Yorker* stories of the upper East Side; each is vintage; with these four the formalities are accomplished. The rest of the items in this collection are decidedly unformal, unexpected, unconventional. The New York they describe is not the New York of Madison and

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About a sharply comic and profoundly Catholic novel:

THE DOVE WITH THE BOUGH OF OLIVE*

by Dunstan Thompson

Dunstan Thompson's novel (just out) is set in London today—in that corner of Belgravia where aristocracy and wealth deign to lend a well-bred hand to the arts. The action begins on the morning before one of those splendid dinner-parties that have helped make the social reputation of Lady Katherine Diss, Washington-born peeress, patroness of literature, beloved by England's most romantic elder poet.

THE ARGUMENT

Lady Katherine—outwardly a success, inwardly a failure, and intelligent enough to know it—dominates her talented son. The question WILL HE ESCAPE *is the crux of an intellectual cops-and-robbers chase that develops as the hour of the dinner-party approaches and the invited guests meet and clash in a series of tense dialogues. It reaches its climax—when the guests are gathered—in a melodramatic explosion.*

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While the portraits are not always kind, the total attitude is one of compassion. The author, whose early education was under the aegis of the Sisters of Notre Dame, the Jesuits, and the Augustinians, tells his story out of a deep commitment to the ethical principles of the Roman Catholic Church, of which he is a member. A novel for readers susceptible to wit—and to morality. Price $3.75 at all bookstores.

—SIMON AND SCHUSTER,
Rockefeller Center, New York

*It is the first novel by the poet whose first collection of verse we published in 1943. Its author was then co-editing (with HARRY BROWN, who later wrote *A Walk in the Sun*) a lively poetry magazine called *Vice Versa* which ceased publication when its brilliant young editors entered the army. MR. THOMPSON has since published two more books of poetry, one in England where he now lives.

Fifth, 1954, but the New York which E. B. White does not write about: the city of the turn of the century, when the skyscrapers were new and had not been softened by flowered promenades and pink granite, as different from now as the name "Flatiron Building" is different from the styled name "Lever House"—the city of Steichen's brooding photographs and dray-horses and poverty.

And there are stories of the twenties and thirties, a well-recorded time, but rarely, I think, so strikingly recorded as in this anthology: Paul Gallico's story of the newspaperman who put out a gangland murder extra after everyone else had gone home, Dorothy Parker's speakeasy girl who loved dumb animals, Bemelmans' "Sweet Death in the Electric Chair," Weidman's garment-trade model on the make, Pietro di Donato's fierce telling of the terrifying death of a construction worker. Mr. Krim has found in the writings of familiar recorders of the city stories which are powerful and unfamiliar.

The collection is thus a surprising one; it is too good to be packaged merely as a picture of the city for it is a picture of a good deal more: Stephen Crane's tragedy on the Bowery, John Cheever's tragedy in an apartment house—it's the same city they write about but the stories are not about the city, they are about the singular man who has been saved, as Scott Fitzgerald says in this book, from all the walking dead.

In Belgravia

THE DOVE WITH THE BOUGH OF OLIVE. By Dunstan Thompson. Simon and Schuster. $3.75.

By JEAN HOLZHAUER

THAT frequently bad penny, The Catholic Novel, has turned up again, complete with spiritual regeneration in the final chapters. But this time, we gratefully report, the coin is so fresh from the mint, so shiny with a kind of Firbankian polish, that its value is many times enhanced.

Dunstan Thompson is a young writer already known for two previous books, of poetry and travel experiences, respectively. He has peopled his first novel with a group of Catholics living in London, some Americans, some English. The older characters have been life-long associates; the younger are their children, or the children of their friends. The episodes described are the events leading up to a dinner party, the party itself, and its immediate consequences. Mr. Thompson is a tidy man with the unities.

The story is told from the point of view of each of the central characters, chapter by chapter. They include Lady Katherine Diss, the sixty-five-year-old American beauty who is the focal point of the story, her elderly admirer, an aristocratic monsignor, a convert poet, Lady Katherine's gay and irresponsible son, the son's admirer, a husband and wife acting team, a diplomat, and assorted others. This makes for some lively cross-commentary.

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ficial people shocked into religious sobriety by an attempted suicide, is no small one. Danny Diss's farewell to his mother, delivered before her dinner guests at the top of his voice and followed by a dive through the window, is perilously near the worst kind of histrionics. When he is next seen, making a general confession from a precarious perch on an awning, the reader may easily succumb to nervous giggles.

But all this Mr. Thompson manages to bring off by turning his attention from the implicit profundities to the external contingencies of the situation. He is a good reporter, with an eye for detail. Danny is rescued, circus style, at the end of a dangling rope; the aristocratic monsignor, who heard his confession from a window ledge, crawls painfully back through the window and has a heart attack. The next day both heroes are back to normal, the monsignor intent on his press notices, the Danny-boy saying, "That remark sounded silly. It comes of having been silly all my life."

The book is not of uniform quality, and contains passages which if not precisely purple are at least lavender. Some of the characters tend to stereotype: Danny, for one, is so strongly reminiscent of Mr. Evelyn Waugh's Sebastian Marchmain that one expects him to make his next entrance with a teddy bear.

Mr. Thompson has style, however, and gives the impression of an intelligent man with a variety of experience to draw on. His people ring true, especially the convert poet, the diplomat, and a foreign correspondent of special background, wonderfully christened Sheldon Naesebit. The serious religious problems are lightly handled but not short-weight, and the dialogue is a delight (Danny's salutations to his mother: "Kitty-Kat! Darling! But this is *too* wonderful!"). *The Dove with the Bough of Olive* may not win any converts to the Church, but it is, in the main, very good fun.

REVIEWERS

Michael Harrington is a New York critic; he has contributed to the *Columbia Encyclopedia.*

Jean Holzhauer writes literary criticism for several periodicals.

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